

Native converts
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Woman's Board of Missions.

UMCITWA AND YONA,

Zulu Missionaries to the Matabele.

BY

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PREFACE.

THE story told in these pages needs no excuse for being brought to the notice of believers in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The faith, piety, and Christian heroism of Umcitwa, the young Zulu missionary, are an inspiration.

Born a heathen, yet laying down his life 1,500 miles away from home, whither he had gone to preach Jesus Christ to a cruel heathen people,—surely he must have been moved by the Holy Spirit. When told that his life might be taken, he replied, “They may kill me. but I shall not cease to preach Jesus Christ.”

The Livingstones and the Mackays were great men, and accomplished great things for Africa; but Umcitwa had the same spirit, and did what he could, and before God is equally acceptable.

And what shall be said of Yona, his wife, left sorrowing over the graves of her dead husband and little child?

May the history of the lives of these two converted Zulus convince many of the value of sending the gospel to the heathen.

The story has been arranged by the missionaries who were deeply concerned in the training of the subjects of this sketch.

I. OUT OF DARKNESS.

IN the year 1872 a heathen woman appeared before our door, saying she was tired of heathenism, and wanted to be a Christian. "But how about your husband?" we asked. "Oh," she said, "he has another wife, and he is cruel to me. I never loved him, and I want to leave him and come and learn the way of the Lord." She came, and her husband followed ere many months, having obtained a separation from his other wife. Here they lived for many years, apparently happy.

But this woman, Gugulana by name, had a strange conflict between the powers of darkness and of light; sometimes overcome by the one, and again being drawn, and as we often hoped overruled and controlled, by the other. We are not without hope that, though among the heathen at the time of her death, she was found "accepted in the Beloved."

Away off among the distant hills in a heathen kraal were Gugulana's children, two little girls, eight and ten years old. Their father, her first husband, being dead, they were claimed as property by the son of another wife of their father. Their mother had no right to them. This became a great grief to her as she learned of the Christian way, and saw other children in school so happy with their teachers, their books, and their songs. Her sobs and cries reached

our ears when, away by herself, she was revolving this sorrow in her mind. We could not regard the case unmoved; and though we knew both native and English law were against her, we were constrained to state the case to the English magistrate, while we looked to God with earnest prayer to interpose in her behalf. The parties were all summoned, and by stretching a point of law in the mother's favor, her children were placed in her hands on condition that their "owner" should have the cattle which would be paid for them when they married.

The two little girls were taken into the Home School, and there they remained, growing and developing for ten or eleven years. Yona showed an amiable and pleasant disposition, and grew in favor with God and man. Here is what she says about her early heathen life:—

"Beginning at the time when I was old enough to see and to know things, as to what I remember, my father had four wives. But he never had more sons than one; all others were girls, *fourteen* girls in all. As the time went on my father died, and because my mother was the younger woman, having only two children, she was obliged to marry another husband, and my sister and I had to live with one of our step-mothers. I might say that as there were no boys to herd or to milk, some of us girls had to do it, while another sister and myself looked after the calves. In those days thunderstorms and rains were regular; but even in such times we had to go, naked and cold, to bring home the

wild and thoughtless little creatures. In the front of the huts is a cattle kraal (a circular enclosure), but calves and goats take their abode with people in the house, and dogs, cats, and fowls also occupy the same. There are beer pots, calabashes, and clay pots for cooking, all around, with mats, blankets, men, women, children, ornaments, spears, knob-curries, wooden spoons, sweet reed (sorghum) seeds, and corn ears, all hanging about. The fireplace is just in the middle, where all sit around to warm themselves.

“Do I feel happy that I ever spent any of my life in this way? Oh, no; but I thank God, who, by his grace and wisdom, has called me out of this thick darkness into his everlasting light. I remember sometimes, when it was cold in winter, that I would go and sit down in a nice warm place, and as the wind blew past I would look up at the sky and see the clouds rushing along rapidly, one after another, in such a way that I would stop and think, how wonderful and great is the Being that made it all, whom I knew not. For was there anyone among my friends who knew about God? No, we were so dark; we had never even seen a person in clothes; we thought of white people as animals; we children were quite afraid of them. The grown-up people used to deceive us by saying, when we cried, ‘There is a white man coming to take you away.’

“I have said before, that my mother had to marry another husband. Yet she used to come and see us sometimes, with nice little presents

for us; sometimes it would be braided beads, or nice little clay pots for our food, and we used to enjoy them very much. But the last time she came she looked very strange, and we did not wish to think it was our mother; we did not enjoy her as we used to, all because she had clothes on. She had gone to the station to live with her husband, and had come to see if she could persuade our brother to let us go and stay with her; but no, he would not. At last, after a long talk, he gave her permission to take me; but he told her that he would come very soon to bring me back. Some of my friends gave me much warning that I was not to eat any of the bread that the white people gave me, because it would make me a Christian. And I remember that the first day I came here a white lady gave me a piece of bread, which I refused to take, because I had not forgotten the words of my friends. Did not that lady look very strange to me with spectacles on! I would have rushed out had not my mother kept telling me about her before we arrived. She knew that I was to be frightened, having never seen the like. I noticed that there was, however, something of acquaintance between that lady and my mother; they seemed to know each other very well.

“It was just while I was getting accustomed to the look of the people and their ways, that my brother came to take me. Of course it was not an easy thing for my mother to let me go. She urged him to let me stay with her; but no, he would not. He rushed into the kitchen where

I was with the spirit of a tiger, and pushed me out, and said that he was to whip me if I don't walk quickly. The two missionaries and their families were at dinner when all this happened, but they saw him do it, and rushed out to help me. One of the ladies took me up in her arms, and went and hid me in her house. He never got me that day. But a letter was sent to the magistrate, which was respectfully received, and mother and we were sent for to settle the matter. When our friends heard this they advised us, saying: 'You must not consent to go to the station. You must cry and make a great noise, and the magistrate will let you come back.' But he simply said we must go with our mother. So hearing that, we began to cry as loud as we could, our brother telling us at the same time to *cry more*, yet nothing else was to be done. I cannot express the bad feeling of my brother when seeing his whole herd of cattle perishing away like this; for all that he cared for was the cattle that he was going to have for us, which he had already begun to receive.

"As we went along mother tried to comfort us, and make us feel happy. Of course we did not feel at home at all at first, but little by little we got to see and to learn that we were not utterly destroyed. Mother tried to amuse us in many ways, sometimes by singing for us easy little songs or hymns which she had already learned. Sometimes she would teach us how to sew. No doubt we were interested in such things, having not heard or done them before. After

awhile teachers planned that we should go to the home school and learn. I did not enjoy being there at first; very often I used to be homesick. Among the girls I remember was one who used to be telling us wonderful stories about what they have learned. I began then to feel and to believe that there was a great God who made us and all things."

Not far from the time when Yona came to us, her mother, returning from a visit on the hills, brought to us a heathen boy, apparently ten or eleven years old,—a quaint, comical-looking little specimen even for a heathen child; the African type a little exaggerated, with small eyes, small forehead, but, with all that, there was something taking in his frank, lively manner, and we were only too glad, after thorough ablutions, to cover his slim, nude figure with the inevitable shirt, and initiate him into the new and strange modes of life to which he had come. He seemed to take to them rather kindly, withal, and soon made himself quite a useful member of the household, acting as nurseboy to our youngest one-year-old child.

Such was Umcitwa's introduction to us and to civilization. He passed through many vicissitudes, temptations, and dangers before he was fitted to answer the call to Matabeleland, and to there obtain the reward of the faithful unto death. From the usual ordeal of town life for native young men he was not exempt, nor yet from its sins and vices. For years we knew little of him that gave encouragement or hope; and

when, a little later, we learned that our Yona was regarding him with favor as a suitor, we feared that she was making a great mistake. Gladly would we have diverted her mind from any such prospects or hopes; but her destiny and his were in better hands than ours. We were pleased to find that in Durban he had come under influences which had wrought a great change in heart and life.

T'en cows was the *market value* for Yona,—the price fixed by English law for all native girls of this colony. But could it be that ten cows would satisfy the greed of her poor heathen owner when it was possible for him to extort other gifts *ad infinitum*?

Day after day did Umcitwa's willing, weary feet take him over the path to her owner's mountain home; and then again in an opposite direction to procure the brilliant-colored blanket, or the coat, or the pot, or whatever it might be to meet the demands of this poor covetous heathen ere he would come to any agreement in regard to the purchase of the property in question.

Again an appeal to the magistrate was needful, and more than one journey did Umcitwa make in that direction, a distance of thirty miles, before the marriage license was obtained. But at last, after delays and difficulties, hopes and fears too numerous to mention, the marriage was consummated in April, 1885. At this time Yona was teaching the station school, and took a vacation of only two days for the wedding festivities, if such they could be called. The teachers

in the home kindly spread the marriage feast, to which were invited Yona's Christian friends from the station. The nuptial knot was tied in the little native chapel, in the presence of assembled friends; both bride and groom simply and neatly attired, standing with bare feet on the earth floor,—a modest and fitting example to their native friends, who are so fond of gorgeous and extravagant apparel. We cannot marvel that a people just emerging from heathen darkness should love to blossom out in gaudy colors, and should attach undue importance to the putting on of apparel. But though we look upon it with charity, the example of one bridal pair taking civilized and sensible views of such things was most delightful and encouraging.

Yona had carefully expended her small earnings as school-teacher in getting a little furniture for her home; not forgetting, however, her weekly offering of sixpence into the Lord's treasury, which she was always faithful to bring, it being about a tenth of her wages.

It was arranged that they should occupy the little house which Yona's mother had vacated; a comfortable cottage of two rooms, with two windows and three doors. Umcitwa was well-nigh penniless, for "Scorching Sun," the owner of Yona, had quite consumed his scanty resources. He had neither time nor means for necessary building, except to construct a small outside kitchen, and to repair the dilapidated cottage. The energy, diligence, and thrift which he displayed in these efforts were interesting and grati-

fyng to behold. He worked early and late, improving every moment between his repeated and numerous journeys. Many little wants arose which he had not the money to supply; now a few nails, and, again, a bit of board or the use of hammer or saw. Then, again, a little lime for whitewash, and at the last a few newspapers to cover the smoky beams above; for to buy a little white cotton cloth for inclosing the room overhead was quite beyond his means. It was a great trial to him when he had to come, from time to time, to ask for such favors; and the modesty, and bashfulness, and yet the sly vein of humor with which he sought them made it only a pleasure to give him all that he needed. These incidents, so trivial in themselves, we now recall with tender interest as indicating the sterling character which made him the bright example he was in his long journey to the Matabele, and during his short life among them.

By the combined efforts of this happy pair, their home at Umzumbe became a bright, attractive spot. It was white and clean within, and supplied with the needed articles of furniture, table, chairs, bed, etc., with a sprinkling of pretty little ornaments,—the gifts of kind friends. The yard, too, was like a flower garden, with its rose-bushes and oleander trees bordering the path leading to the gate its peach trees, its pineapple plot, and its banana garden, all betokening diligence and skill. It was chiefly, however, in church and Christian work that we most prized their help and influence. Yona's quiet, modest

example was a spur and an inspiration to other women and girls, while Umcitwa was always ready for any good work. When anything was needing to be done he would be on hand to do it, taking hold at once, without waiting for some one else; a trait so uncommon in Zulu character that his presence was invaluable. They were leaders in all our meetings, in our Endeavor Society, which was then just starting, teachers in the Sunday school, and foremost in the singing, with their strong, well-trained voices.

Perhaps we felt too rich, too strong in the possession of such able helpers in the Lord's work. We had been trying to teach our native Christians the meaning of our Saviour's last command. We had given them weekly lessons for a long time on the entrance and progress of the gospel in other lands, especially in the Pacific islands and in their own dark continent. We hoped and prayed that some among them would hear and respond to the Saviour's call, and become light bearers to the tribes sitting in darkness, there being so many Zulu-speaking people in deepest heathenism in various parts of South Africa. But little did we know how soon the Lord would test the sincerity of our desires and our prayers by putting it into the hearts of our choicest and best workers to go far away to one of the remotest and darkest spots in all South Africa. For two years and a half did they enjoy their pleasant home life at Umzumbe, the second year having an added charm by the presence of their little Amy.

II. TO MATABELELAND.

A GREAT event was to honor this station in 1887. For the first time in its history the annual meeting of native Christians of the American Zulu Mission was held here. Extensive preparation was of course necessary on the part of the people, who were to entertain perhaps two hundred guests. Houses of every shape and description were seen springing from the ground as if by magic. Every man or boy who had any intention of building on the station must needs hasten and get his house ready to receive his share of the visitors, while all the old-established residences must lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes to their utmost extent.

Umcitwa, though at this time teaching a little outstation school, requiring a daily walk of four or five miles, was most enthusiastic in his preparations for the meeting. He added a little veranda room to their own house, and put up another building with his own hands. Of course it was not of the most finished style of architecture, but it had a window of one pane of glass, with a curious frame of his own construction; while within, he built up from the ground a kind of side table of sticks and plaster. We were much amused by his ingenuity, and many a hearty laugh did we have together over his devices when we were paying them our little visits, which we always enjoyed so much. Umcitwa was of a jovial, happy temperament, and always ready to enjoy or to perpetrate a good joke.

Great was the demand for whitewash in those memorable days, and pretty was the picture of these numerous green hillsides and valleys, dotted with white-walled cottages, as the appointed time for the meeting drew on apace. One Wednesday afternoon early in August, the road over the distant hills showed scattered groups of wagons, horses, and foot-travelers, all moving toward the station. At the evening meeting the chapel was filled to overflowing, and the next day and the next, three or four times daily till Monday morning, when all dispersed.

At this meeting a letter was read from Rev. W. Elliott, of the London Mission in Matabeleland, earnestly calling for a Zulu Christian and wife to come to their help in Christ's work among that dark distant people, 1,500 miles away. More than twenty-five years had those missionaries spent there in apparently fruitless toil. They felt that the example of a native Christian family speaking the same language, would be an object lesson and a power for good among the Matabele.

The letter was read and prayerfully considered in this meeting of native Christians. Eleven volunteered for the service, and among them was Umcitwa. He arose and said: "If the Lord wants me I am willing to go. I have heard a great deal in our Sunday afternoon meetings about the Lord's work in heathen lands. I have felt that if the Lord ever called me I would go to give the gospel to the heathen. I have no education, but if the missionaries think me fit, here

am I; send me." After much consultation, it was decided that Umcitwa and Yona were the ones to go to Metabeleland.

Rev. Mr. Elliott and his party were returning from a visit in England. It was arranged that Umcitwa and Yona should meet them at Cape Town, and from thence journey with them to their distant home and station. The Elliotts' thoughts were to reach the cape in November, and a message would be sent to Natal directly on their arrival there. No time was to be lost. Our native friends must be near Durban to await the message, and to take the first steamer after receiving the call.

Our duty was plain. We must apply ourselves to the sad, yet grateful, task of helping them off. Sewing must be done for Yona, and her child, then sixteen months old; for which work her native friends, the women and girls on the station, gladly offered their aid.

A few busy, anxious days settled all; and the morning soon came when we saw them, with boxes and bundles, all mounted on an oxcart, ready for a four days' journey to Adams, our nearest mission station to Durban. *There* was our theological seminary; and if they had to wait, they could spend their time in study and gaining further preparation for the high service before them. And a long waiting time they had. The following lines from Yona express her feelings in regard to it:—

December 28th.—"Yes, we are still waiting here; and it is something very hard for me to

stay here, not knowing which time to go, but still it does not do me wrong; for I always feel that it is God's will for us to stop here so long, and that comforts me a great deal. I am sorry I cannot attend all the meetings, because of Amy. She never get away from me at all; she won't go to anybody else beside Mrs. Robbins, and almost all white people. Last week Mrs. Robbins asked me to lead women's meeting, but it was so hard for me to take it; but I left all to God to help me to this great work, and when I had done with it I felt quite sure that God did help me."

The sickness and death of a child had kept Mr. Elliott in England; and when the call came at last in March, it found Yona with her second little girl only a day or two old. But they were still undaunted, and impatient to be off on their long journey. Now, however, a heartrending question arose: Would it be wise for them to take *both* their little ones with them on a perilous journey to a land of deepest darkness and cruelty? Amy was now twenty months old, and *could* be left. Kind friends would take her, and she would be surrounded by Christian opportunities and influences. No one proposed such a thing to those parents, but they were being divinely led.

It so happened that we were at Adams at this time. One morning early we saw the two standing outside, near the door, sad and silent. We went out to learn what was on their hearts. They could not speak. They waited one for the other. At last Umcitwa says, "Yona, you must

tell." She says, "No, I can't; why don't *you* say it?" At last the courage comes, and he says, "Will you take Amy, if we leave her?" What could we say? It was plain "the cause was from the Lord." No choice was left us. It nearly broke poor Yona's heart; but love for her child and for Christ constrained her, and she heroically turned her back upon her little one, knowing not that she should ever see the child again; certainly not till she had forgotten to call her "mother."

Their kind and fatherly missionary was with them in Durban, to see that everything possible was done to secure for them a comfortable passage to Cape Town. Of their experience on reaching there we shall let Umcitwa's letter speak through the translation.

"Mr. Phillips has brought us to the house of a poor widow. Though very poor in the things of this world, she is rich toward God, and is very faithful in teaching her children the way of the Lord. She is very pleased to see us. I speak of her because it is a great help to know a person who, though so poor, is so happy in her Christian faith.

"We send our love to Amy, and to all our friends at Umzumbe,—that place of so dear memories to us, and on account of which our tears flow. We do not know that we shall ever see you again in this world. God hides the future from us, but for his sake we accept it all. You who have the care of our child have a great and precious charge. We weep as we think of

her; but he who forsaketh not all that he hath for Christ's sake, cannot be his disciple."

From Cape Town they went to Kimberly, by train,—a ride of two or three days. From the latter place Umcitwa writes, in April:—

"To-day we are here. We are staying in the house of a missionary to the Griquas. On the day we arrived at this city we were much troubled to find a place to sleep. We stayed at the railway station till it was night, and the baby was sick and crying. Then after a time, when it was dark, Mr. Elliott came. He had been seeking a place, though his head was aching, as he told me on his return, and he was very much troubled. Yona and the child were sick, too. But these were troubles of the flesh only; the heart was not troubled, because it was set on reaching the Matabele.

"Indeed, that word is true from the book of John, 'God is love.' When we came away from Amanzimtote (Adams) we had not a friend; but God, who is love, raised up friends for us, till to-day we are here at this place. Why should I speak of troubles? They cannot drive us away from our Father, who has begotten us through the precious blood of his Son."

Mr. Elliott also wrote, saying that on account of the antipathy of the Matabele king (Lobengula) to having Christian teachers among his people, he thought it wise to avoid suspicion by taking these helpers into the country in the character of servants. This was somewhat disappointing to us; but we tried to believe it was

for the best, and were gratified to know that, like his Divine Master, Umcitwa was willing to take upon himself the form of a servant.

In another letter Umcitwa says: "We have met here some of Lobengula's people. Like the spies from Canaan, they bring a discouraging report. They say the people there cannot believe the things the missionaries teach, because there are many other white men passing through that country, and they know nothing about those things. Still, we go forward, trusting in the words of Jesus, 'Lo, I am with you always.'"

A little later he writes again from the same place, as follows:—

"We have to-day finished setting up the wagon, which came with Mr. Elliott from England. It has taken many days to get it ready, but to-day it has gone out of town. Yona and I remain, because no wagon has yet been found to take us and the rest of the goods, of which there is a great quantity. Much money is needed to buy a wagon at this place; indeed, everything costs enormously here. We ask you, our friends, to pray that we may quickly get a wagon to take us out of this place, but we are trusting in the Lord all the time. You must not be surprised if you do not get letters from us, because we do not know where we will get the stamps."

Their story is best told in their own words, and we will allow them to speak for themselves. Their first stopping place after leaving Kimberly was at Barkly, a station of the London Missionary Society, from which Yona wrote:—

“BARKLY, April 18, 1888.

“MY DEAR MRS. — : I always feel unhappy if I did not write to you. I hope that I will write few words if baby does not trouble me; she is sleeping on my lap now as I am writing.

“We came out from Kimberly yesterday to Barkly. I could hardly move my feet to-day I am so tired, because I walked a long distance on foot; the wagon was too full, and there was no place for me to sit with baby. I was afraid lest I should fall down. We went all night long, and it was nearly morning when we came. Now I hope that we shall be together with the Elliotts all the way long to Matabele.

“I do hope that little Amy is well and happy. It comforts me to know that she is with you, and I know your love to her. Please tell her that her mamma thinks of her very often, and wishes her to be a good little girl, and obey Mrs. Bridgman. I wonder if she will understand it or not. Give my best love to the dear teachers and to all the people.”

From Barkly the party next journeyed to Kuruman, the station established in 1818 by the renowned and devoted missionary Moffat. From that place Mr. Elliott writes, May 14, 1888:—

“MY DEAR MR. B— : I can only send you a line in place of a letter. We leave here to-day, most earnestly hoping that our journey henceforth may be more favorable than it has been in the past. I have never had such a three weeks. We only arrived here on Tuesday last,—three weeks all but a day after leaving Barkly. It is a

six days' journey; but we stuck fifteen or sixteen times, broke four *dislebooms* (wagon poles) off, loaded some six or seven times, and generally had a most miserable time of it. Umcitwa and Yona have had a sickening of the wagon, I fear. He has been very poorly, I am sorry to say—very poorly, and has given me great anxiety; but in spite of this he has worked splendidly. He is the sort of man we want. Yona has been too miserable, I fear, to be herself. We have had a week's rest here, and are now off again, hoping for better things. It is the mud that has bothered us; now we encounter sand. We hope to reach home in about two or three months, going via Mafeking, Kanga, Malepolole, Shoshong, or Mangwato and Tati.

With united kindest regards, etc.,

W. A. ELLIOTT."

From Kuruman, Yona also writes as follows:—

"SO VERY DEAR MRS.—: O, how glad I was to get a letter from you! We were very glad to hear all you told us about some of the people at Umzumbe, especially what you said about yourself and our little dear girl Amy. I tell you that it is just like a little song in my heart; I do like to think of it so. And so we have a great hope that you and Amy will get on nicely together. Your words rejoice me very much, and I am so thankful for what you are doing for her. I ask the Lord most earnestly that she may grow up to be a modest, humble girl, obedient to God and to those who have the care of her. I thank God that he has given you a heart to take her,

“Yes; we are here in Kuruman; but we are not all well. Umcitwa is very sick with bad fever, which began a long time ago, before we left Kimberly. He has great pain in his chest when he coughs. I think he might get well if he did not have such heavy work to do, for he works all the time, even when he is sick. The wagons have been getting stuck fast all the way, and the heavy loads had to be taken off and put on again ever since we left Barkly.. It was a very hard journey.

“The little one, Elia, is very well and fat. She troubled by crying when the wagon stopped. She wanted to be going all the time; then she would sleep. My great trouble is Umcitwa's sickness, and because he has to work driving the oxen in the night when we travel. I tried to persuade him to ride in the wagon with the child, and let me drive them; but he said no; he is afraid I would get sick too. So he is very thin indeed

“I wanted to tell you about Kuruman, but have not time, for we are going to-day. Please tell the women that I do remember them, and think about each of them. Give my love to every body at Umzumbe.

Your loving daughter,
YONA.”

It will be seen that the “little pain” of which Umcitwa spoke at Kimberly, was the beginning of the end with him. That letter was one of his last. A strong, healthy, energetic fellow when he went out from us, full of life and vigor, we

had great hope of his usefulness in that distant field. We hoped a long life for that needy people was before him. But God's ways are not our ways. The party went on and on, toiling along by slow stages, the dull, patient, plodding oxen drawing those heavy, loaded wagons through the deep sand. Stopping at mission stations about one hundred miles apart, they at last reached the town of the famous old Sechele, the early and devoted friend of Dr. Livingstone. He was baptized by him about 1845, and was still living when our party visited his town on their way to Matabele, but has since passed away. Like too many native African Christians, his light was not altogether unobscured by the clouds and darkness of heathenism; but whatever he may have been at heart, he was always an avowed friend of the missionaries, and a supporter of Christian institutions among the Bechuanas. The name of that mission station is Malopolole, from which place Yona wrote as follows, June 24th, partly in Zulu and partly in English:—

“VERY DEAR MRS. —: Surely I am very sorry that I did not get time to write to you before we got here to Sechele's place. And what I am going to tell to-day is about our traveling this long journey. We have traveled in great trouble all this way. Umciwa is very sick indeed; his strength is gone; he is too weak to walk. The medicines of the missionary do not help him. He is just a skeleton, and coughs fearfully; he is cold, but sweats very much. I

know not what the end will be, but the Lord will do what is right in his sight. It has been proposed that we stop here till he gets well, but it is not decided. Our long journey needs great patience, chiefly because we are troubled by not having much room to lie down, as the wagon is so very full. But O, the thankfulness that is in our hearts because Amy remained, and is not here with us! I feel that it was God's great mercy that arranged this for us. We remember her very much, but are *very* glad she is not here. I, too, have been sick with cold and fever, but am better now. We are longing very much for letters from you.

"And now I have to write for you Umcitwa's words. Here they are: 'If the Lord takes me away by this sickness, there is my child Amy; I leave her with you, to train her for my sake, but especially to train her for the Lord. Such are my words. I have no strength to talk.' Our great love and remembrance to you.

UMCITWA AND YONA."

But no; he would not halt on the way to Matabele. His heart was fixed on reaching that people, and if he was to die, he would make his grave among them.

Shoshong, the town of the renowned Christian chief Khama, was their next stopping place. The Umzumbe church and people had been greatly helped and strengthened by the illustrious example of Khama in his heroic and successful expulsion of native beer and the

liquor of white traders from his country, as also by his reputation as a Christian, his hospitality and helpfulness toward missionaries, and the missionary activity of his church and people in sending out and supporting teachers among the desert tribes of the far interior.

It was therefore a matter of great interest to the Christians of Umzumbe that two of their own number were to see that famous town and its noble chief. A letter was accordingly written and sent by Umcitwa to Khama, commending their friends to his kind attentions, and expressing their gratitude for the help and inspiration which had come to them from his noble example. We were surprised to learn that Umcitwa, in spite of his extreme weakness, took that letter, and through an interpreter read it to the people assembled in the Shoshong church; an example of his faithfulness in smallest duties even to the last.

Said Khama, in his letter to Sir Sidney Shipard, grimly: "It were better for me that I should lose my country than that it should be flooded with drink. I fear Lobengule less than I fear brandy. I fought with Lobengule when he had his father's great warriors from Natal, and drove him back, and he never came again; and God, who helped me then, would help me now again. Lobengule never gives me a sleepless night. But to fight against drink is to fight against demons, and not against men. I dread the white man's drink more than all the assegais of the Matabele, which kill men's bodies, and is

quickly over; but drink puts devils into men, and destroys both their souls and their bodies forever. Its wounds never heal."

After a delay of four or five days in this center of light and civilization, having received much kindness from Christians and missionaries, the party was again moving northward. It was on Saturday, August 25th, that they at last reached their destination at Inyati, Matabele land.

Yona wrote as follows, September 13th:—

"BELOVED FRIENDS: We want to inform you of our arrival here. Though we have had sickness, the Lord our God has been good to us, and has preserved us to the end of our journey. Truly, we wonder at his gracious care when we think of the long, long journey which we have come, and of the daily dangers and perils we had to meet; the sickness beyond hope of recovery, the fatigue and weariness and homesickness, remembering the friends left behind as those who were having no trouble (though it seems they had). For two or three days we journeyed without seeing any water. Our whole journey was five and one-half months long. The sticking fast of the wagon and the thinness of the cattle were our chief hindrances. The people here were very glad to see us, and were greatly surprised to see people of their own native Zulu tribe. In their customs and in their religion they are very much like the natives of Natal. Native beer is fearful in quantity. Beer and meat are the food of the people almost

entirely. They are astonished that we can live without beer, and often ask if they shall not bring us some. They are bringing it all the time for sale.

“When we were on the road we were overtaken by Mr. Moffat, who was on his way to the king’s kraal. A man brought a great dish of beer, which was drunk by his people. There were six wagons in a line as we were on our way here, for it is a great highway, and people are coming and going all the time, on account of the gold. Many whom we met on the road are going to Kimberly, to work in the Diamond Fields. It takes two months for them to reach there. We have a post here every two weeks. We did not see the king, but Mr. Elliott went to him and talked about us. He said it was all right, and we came on here to Inyati, Mr. Elliott’s place. He lives among people who are the slaves of the Matabele. The old people and the sick are killed, and the young are made slaves to do their work. I saw a woman in great distress; she was following a man who had captured her, and was carrying her away to be his wife. It was a distressing sight to me. Hoping to write again soon,

Yours, etc.,

YONA.”

III. IN MATABELELAND.

Six months of toilsome journeying, with pain and hardships innumerable, and six months of weary struggling with disease among the dark people to whom our evangelists so much desired

to give the Light of Life,—this is the epitome of our story. Of these last sad months there is little to be told that is not contained in the letters which brought tidings of Umcitwa's death. These we give in full. The first from Rev. Mr. Rees, who with Mr. Elliott occupies the station of Inyati, is as follows:—

“ INYATI, MATABELELAND, March 13, 1889.

“ MY DEAR MR. B—— : I feel that it is my duty to write to you a few lines about Umcitwa, the native teacher you sent up here. I am sorry that I have to tell you that he is no longer here among us. He entered upon his eternal reward the second of this month. He was very poorly indeed when he arrived here. I examined him in a few weeks after they arrived, and I told some of the friends that I believed he was destined to a better place than this. So far as I could make out he had chronic bronchitis, and death was hastened by a chill or an attack of fever he got a few days before he died. He worked hard during his short stay here among us. Of course he could not possibly do much preaching and teaching, because it affected his breathing so much. But, strange to say, he preached the last two Sundays he lived. The last Sunday was more of a general talk about religion than a sermon.

“ Perhaps I ought to inform you that I never once heard him murmur in his sickness; he suffered patiently and quietly as a faithful follower of Christ. He worked hard at his little house, which is between Mr. Elliott's and mine,

and just when he had things looking neat and nice was taken away.

“Believe me, Mr. Elliott and myself did everything we could for him. We buried him in our own graveyard. I preached the funeral sermon from 2 Cor. v. 1. The white people here came to pay their last respects to him. Yona and the child have not been very well of late, but they are getting better.

“Now I must conclude by wishing you and Mrs. B. long life to turn out such noble men as our departed brother Umcitwa.

Believe me, yours sincerely,

BOWEN REES.”

From Mr. Elliott:—

“MATABELELAND, March 12th.

“MY DEAR MR. B—: I was able last post to send you good news of Umcitwa, though I had feared it would have been otherwise. My letter left here on Friday, very early. On the previous Tuesday morning we arrive from the king's, and found the poor fellow in bed, and very weak. He was burning in fever. Wednesday he was so much worse that Mr. Rees and I sat up with him. Yona was far from well, and Elia (the baby) very poorly. Thursday found him very much better, quite himself, and apparently free from fever. I had a long chat with him, telling him about our trip and our visit to the chief. He seemed anxious (with Yona) about the state of the country, but I was able to allay their fears very much. He was so much better

that we unanimously agreed there was no need to sit up with him Thursday night. Friday morning dawned, and he was again worse. He could not speak, and it was with difficulty he received any food or medicine. Again we watched out the weary Friday night.

“Saturday morning saw him in much the same condition, but the afternoon plainly told us that he had *sighted home*. It was about 7 P. M. that he very quietly, as with a weary sigh of relief, breathed his last. He had not spoken since Thursday afternoon; then none of us had any idea of the near approach of death. He was perhaps too weak, for ever since the fever left him he was in a constant bath of perspiration. His eyes remained fixed on one spot. He appears to have been to some extent conscious; but no sign could we get that he heard anything addressed to him,—no certainty. We buried the poor remains on Sunday afternoon, all the white people on the place attending. Mr. Martin, the one trader here, very kindly helped make a coffin, and was very kind throughout the last days of the poor fellow’s life.

“So ends our first attempt of getting a Zulu evangelist among these people. It has been an attempt full of anxiety and trouble, but certainly I will not be the one to say that it has been fruitless. Time and the last day will show the influence Umcitwa has had on the people. I told you, I think, in my last letter that on the previous Sunday to our return he spoke for about an hour to the congregation. Then he lay down,

and never rose again from that bed. He was truly devoted to his work, and under very trying circumstances consistently followed the Master in giving himself for the people. He once made the gift down there in Natal, and never once, in word or deed, showed any desire to draw back. Though sharing the infirmities of our poor imperfect nature, yet he won our respect and that of all who knew him. The natives, heathen though they are, have come to tell us of their sympathy. How they have spoken to Yona, she best will tell you by and by. She has recovered very well and quickly. For some time we were very anxious about her health, but that is now past; and I hope that when this very trying winter is over she will recover her old health. We are still very anxious for baby. Poor little lassie! this fever of a low type seems to hold her fast. May God preserve her to her poor mother!

“Yona, of course, is with us again. She will return to you when opportunity offers, which is likely to be a long time coming. I have told her that now she is living as one of us, and that I hope she will take all opportunities of teaching. Of course, likewise, we shall expect her to take her share in the work of the house, though there is not very much she can do.

“The great opportunities that exist for all of us doing Christ’s work here, lie mainly in daily personal intercourse with them. When twenty or thirty people come every day, either for medicine, barter, or to sit and talk and watch, much

may be done; while in the more formal way of teaching they cannot be reached. They do not want to learn to read; but by God's grace we may be able to set Christ before them, and so stir their dark minds to desire him.

“With kindest regards and sympathy in this
our common sorrow, Yours,

W. A. ELLIOTT.”

Surely only an indomitable will and unconquerable energy could have accomplished the task of housebuilding in such a state of bodily weakness and suffering, when the earthly tabernacle was being dissolved day by day. Yona says it was a very comfortable house, with two rooms, two windows, etc.,—very much like the home she left here at Umzumbe. The timbers were cut and brought for him, and little by little he managed to complete the building. It was his great desire to have a home among the Matabele, and if he was to die, he wanted to die in his own house. To his friends it is a comfort to know that this desire was granted him.

And now, under the burden of this sore bereavement, we will hear the cry of poor Yona's crushed and bleeding heart, entering, as it proved, the shadow of another approaching sorrow. A few words only could she write by the first mail after the sad event.

“March 13, 1889.

“MY VERY DEAR — : I could hardly write on this paper to-day, because of the great affliction which has fallen upon me,—the death of Um-

citwa, my loved husband. He has been so sick since we came to this country, but still we have been hoping that he would get his health again. But I should let you know that I am half sorry and half glad for him, because he is taken away from such suffering, and is now happy. Just think how I am left alone here all by myself, with no one to tell my troubles to except the missionaries! I wish very much to go back to my own friends, but Mr. Elliott sees no chance for me to go this time. Baby and I are not well at all. Baby is very ill of teething.

Your friend, YONA."

Only two or three days after these lines were written came the second heavy blow, in the death of her dear little one. Teething and fever did the work, leaving poor Yona lonely and forsaken thousands of miles away from home and friends. Though for a time cast down she was not destroyed. The God of all comfort was near, and her Saviour's promises doubly precious.

The first letter we have from her after this second bereavement is dated at Hope Fountain, a station of the L. M. S. south of Inyati, where she had gone for a change for her health.

"HOPE FOUNTAIN, May 20, 1889.

"MY VERY DEAR MRS. —: I received your loving letters Sunday night, and thank you very much for your kind words of sympathy with me. I knew how much sad you would be about Umcitwa's death,—a man who was so faithful and so patient in his work and also so truthful among

these people. I am always glad to think about this. Though he had left me without a penny, yet I would be glad to have this witness about him, that he was faithful unto death.

“I remember once when he first came here, the people were gathered together to see us. He said, as he was telling them about their Maker, ‘Though I may be killed, I shall never stop to tell you this truth.’ This gives me great delight, better than all the treasures of the world.

“When these, my loved ones, were taken away from me, I felt as if I would sing praises like David, Ps. xcvi. 1, ‘O sing unto the Lord a new song, for he hath done marvellous things; his right hand and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory;’ also Heb. xii. 5-11.

“I do pray for you to be made well and happy till the time comes, if God would spare me, to see you again and all the Umzumbe people. Won’t that be nice for me! Perhaps you don’t know that I am here at Hope Fountain for a change.

“I am so glad things are getting on nicely at Umzumbe, and that there are so many girls in the school. I am very thankful that Amy is so well and happy. We are preparing for our journey, so I must say good-bye.

Your loving friend,

YONA.

To a former teacher :—

“HOPE FOUNTAIN, June 7, 1889.

“MY DEAR, DEAR MISS — : Oh, who could tell the joy that came to me the moment I saw your handwriting outside the envelope! But

this I could tell, that it was a letter full of words comforting my weary heart, words full of love and sympathy. Yes, though these words brought me back to the sad and sorrowful days, yet they made me feel that I have friends still around me to feel and to sympathize with me in all my troubles. You do not know how much I have wished you to write to me, but I know how much suffering you use to have from your eyes and headache, and I am sorry indeed to hear that you still suffer from it.

“Yes, I have felt these burdens in my heart,—loneliness, weariness, separation and heavy-laden. And these words of the dear Saviour have come to me so sweet and so restful when He said, ‘Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ Since I have come to him with my burden of sorrows, I have found comfort and rest. He says, ‘Fear not, I am with thee.’ ‘Be strong and of a good courage, and he will comfort thine heart.’ Oh, reading God’s promises makes me feel happy all day long, and I forget all my troubles.”

“I am so glad to hear about Amy from you,—that she is such a good little girl and tries to learn; but, better than all, that she loves to repeat verses from the Scripture. Oh, I do pray that God would make the little girl to remember her Creator in the days of her youth! For her sake I have asked God to preserve my life, if it is his will, that I may see her once more to this world.”

Fortunate indeed was Yona in having such

a noble friend and protector as the Rev. John Moffat, "Assistant Commissioner in British Bechuanaland". Though burdened as he was with the welfare of the Matabele nation, and of the European "Chartered Company"; standing, as it were, in the breach between two nations, even at the risk of his own life,—yet he could give time and thought to consider the interests and well-being of a poor, lone native woman, and the way by which she could most comfortably and safely be conveyed back to home and friends. Many were the letters he wrote to us on this subject; showing how wisely and carefully he was planning this matter for her and for us. A few extracts from these letters will be read with interest.

"MATABELELAND, Sept. 2, 1889.

"MY DEAR MR. —: Your letter of July 27 reached me two days ago. I had already arranged with Yona to take her as far as Mafeking with my own wagon, and to arrange for her onward journey to Natal. All this must, of course, depend upon my own movements. I should be glad to get away soon, but it is quite uncertain when I shall be at liberty to go southwards. Such opportunities as occur occasionally would be quite unsuitable. It would not be fair to a poor, lonely woman, to send her with any but trustworthy people. When once I can make a move, it will be simple enough as far as Mafeking. My wagon boys are of our old Kuruman stock, who would behave well to Yona.

The driver is a church member. The difficulty would commence at Mafeking. There is the journey from that place to Kimberly, two hundred and forty miles, which would have to be done by post cart or by wagon, then the railway journey of thirty-six hours to Port Elizabeth, then the voyage. Natives are not well treated always. If I were going down myself, it would be simpler; but I am not sure of anything, being a man in harness and under orders.

“If Yona could get across overland, it might be better. . . . I will do all I can, and write you as soon as I know of my own movements.

“I felt very much for Yona and her late husband. He has gone to his reward; but she has the heavier trial,—left without husband and child in a land of strangers.

“The missionaries have a difficult life in that country. I know nothing parallel to it in the annals of missions. Thirty years and no results; at least no such results as can be made tangible. I do not think there will be results till God’s ploughshare has turned over and broken up the whole Matabele system of cruel despotism, which is simply a repetition on a meaner scale of what you had in your neighborhood in Zululand.

“Now that they have waited so long, they may as well wait for the events of the next twelve months, for great movements are impending.

“In the Providence of God I have been taken out of direct missionary work; but I don’t think I could have sat here all these years and waited. I should have felt called to go to other tribes

more ready to receive the gospel. But I must not judge others.

“My best wishes are with you in your work.

“Yours sincerely, J. S. MOFFAT.”

IV. HOMEWARD.

The next is from Mr. Elliott:—

“INYATI, March 4, 1890.

“At last Yona has started. It is nearly three weeks since I took her over to Hope Fountain, there to await Mr. Moffat’s departure. I hear that the final start was made on Thursday last; but no doubt you will hear from Yona, both as to this and as to her progress on her journey. We hope and pray that she will reach you in safety. Mr. Moffat will do the best for her, so that we with you may all rest satisfied—free from anxiety. We commend her earnestly to our Father and Protector. . . .

“And now we will follow Yona as she joyfully pursues her homeward way. The same way over which she passed two years before; but the circumstances,—oh, how changed! Her dearest and best had been taken to the better world, and yet she was not friendless. Like as a father did her noble friend Mr. Moffat provide and care for her. She can find no words to express her appreciation of such kindness, or her admiration of one who so magnanimously befriended her in time of need.”

Of her arrival there she thus writes, March 5, 1890:—

"I am glad to write and tell you that we are here at New Mangwato. So you see that Mr. Moffat has made a start at last. We left Hope F. on the 20th of February, and came to Tati on the 25th, and from there to Mangwato (Palapye) took us about four or five days (on Sunday we stop travelling). I cannot tell you the joy I have, to think I am travelling towards home. I am just feeling the hand of the Lord upon me all the way long. His goodness has been shown to us every moment by road since we came out of Matabele country. We have had no rains nor stickings to hinder us. We are travelling on very fast.

"I hope Mr. Elliott has written to you, as he said he was going to. So I think you know that I am coming before I told you. I hope to be brought among you before long. I shall not write much this time; to know that I am coming is quite enough for you, is it not? I do hope that you are all well, and the little girl Amy. May it please the Lord to keep you and me safe from all sickness and danger till we shall see each other again, is the prayer of your absent friend,
YONA."

The next letter which came to us from Yona was sent from Kimberly, April 27, 1890:—

"MY DEAR MRS. —: Yes, it seems that I am getting nearer and nearer to the dear old place that I have loved so well. I hope it will not be long before I reach it. I think it was five o'clock this morning when I woke up, and I could not

fall asleep any more because I was thinking so much about the day when I shall see you all again at Umzumbe. It has been mingled joy and sorrow, as I was thinking also about some of the things that have grieved me so much since my great loss, so nothing would you expect but streams of tears rolling down my cheeks."

The good hand of God was upon her all the way through the long, lonely ride of two days and a night by train and the three days and nights by sea, protecting her against bad white men, against whom her purity proved invulnerable.

She reached Port Elizabeth just in time for the steamer as it called on its way from the Cape to Port Natal, Saturday, May 4th, and landed in Durban the following Tuesday.

She was now one week distant from her child and from Umzumbe. She would call at Adams Mission Station on the way, have a few days' rest with teachers and friends there, and then press on. Ten miles by train and then ten more afoot, accompanied by friends who had come from Adams to meet her, brought her to that place,—two years and two months from the time when with husband and a two weeks' old child she had started on her long journey to Matabeleland. Two eventful years indeed in poor Yona's life! Years in which she had lost much of earth, and gained much of heaven; years of golden experience in the life of faith and of growth in Christian character and love.

But the Umzumbe home-coming! To what

shall we compare it? Was it something like the return of Naomi from the land of her exile and of her widowhood? But Yona came alone; no Ruth, no friend attended her. A cart had been provided to bring her from Adams, and there were the driver and leader boy. So she was mostly left to her own sad, sweet meditations, on that three days' ride.

We had no certain knowledge of her coming on that day, but when by chance we heard that she was approaching over the distant hills, forthwith a happy company, with Amy in the midst, started out to meet her. We had never allowed the child to forget her mother's name. "Dear Mamma Yona, away off in Matabeleland," where she had gone to teach the people about Jesus, was the daily topic of our conversations with the little girl. But the period from twenty months to three years and a half in the age of a child works wondrous changes, and little Amy had reached high attainments for one of her small age. She had not *felt* the need of a mother's love and care, and now perhaps did not altogether like the suggestion of calling a native woman mother. Possibly she had begun to indulge a slight feeling of superiority over the other children, in noticing the contrast of *her* home life with theirs. On this account the coming of her own mother to bring her more to a level with her own associates was a blessing which she failed to understand. She could not enter into the demonstrations of joy at her mother's arrival which she saw all around her.

She even ventured the ungrateful remark that "My mamma Yona must stay in the cart!" Fortunately, however, Yona did not hear this.

But Amy was only too delighted to join the party starting out to meet some one whom she had learned to call mother. *That* meeting is a seen for the imagination rather than the pen. To suppose that it was without demonstration of feeling on Yona's part would be unnatural. She had dismounted from her perch in the cart and approached us walking. Laughing and crying by turns, she embraced her little one, and with exclamations of joy and surprise threw herself on the grass by the roadside, caressing her child to her heart's content. Little Amy, quite unappreciative of the occasion for any excitement, stood in blank amazement and passive receptivity. Truly it was an occasion of deepest joy and rejoicing to us all. Praise and thanksgiving filled all our hearts. Yona had returned safe and sound, after all her tribulations and bereavements, and after all her perils and dangers by sea and land.

And it came to pass that when she was come to Umzumbe all the city was moved, and said, Is this Yona? For she went out full, and the Lord has brought her home again empty

We took her right into our own house for a time, and after a few weeks she found a home in a little cottage close by. Among the many places where her services were needed it was not easy to decide which work she should take up. The Station School was in want of a teacher,

and at last it was arranged that she should fill that vacancy, at the same time having a few boys under her care as boarders in their little home.

In June was held at Umzumbe the Annual Meeting of American Missionaries, at which about forty white people attended for five days. Yona willingly took her place as one of the cooks on this occasion, and was a real help. In August she took up her school duties, having about forty children under her charge. For a few weeks all went well, and we hoped our plan would prove successful. We were feeling much satisfaction in the assurance that the children had a teacher who was interested in their souls' welfare and in their moral deportment and character.

But after two or three weeks Yona showed signs of languor. She thought it was her old up-country fever coming to pay her a visit, and with quinine and other weapons strove to withstand his entrance. But such gentle measures were powerless, and to our dismay we soon found that she was laboring under typhoid fever.

Delirium gave the first serious alarm,—a delirium which seemed to take her from the scenes of earth and made her eloquent on heavenly themes. For more than forty-eight hours she gave us one almost incessant discourse on the things of Christ and the church triumphant. She seemed to have forsaken the earthly, and to be dwelling with things unseen in the very presence of the King. She was enraptured with

the thought that "Christ, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, is coming to *prevail*, and to purify his church." Again: "The Bridegroom was coming! Oh, don't you see him! he is coming, dressed in beautiful robes. *He is coming! Why don't you shout?* Why don't you *sing?* I can't, my throat is so dry." Again: "The bells of heaven are ringing; Jesus is there, and Um-citwa. Oh, so beautiful, and the bells are so sweet! Oh, you must hear them; all the world must hear! . . . Through the weak things of the world He has shown his glory, His Son's glory. Are the lamps burning, full of oil?" At another time it was *John*, with the long white beard, from the isle of Patmos: "He has his hands on the rope; now one stroke, one more stroke, John! I want my ears opened; I can hear it! Oh, how sweet!" She was gazing intently,—eye and ear alert for every sight and sound. Presently the bell for chapel rang. She started. "Oh, what is that? Is that the bell of the church on earth? It is not so sweet as the bells of heaven." Again her talk was of the Matabele missionaries and Mr. Moffat,—her good, kind Mr. Moffat, that great man,—all must put on their best clothes and get ready for him; nothing could be too good, too nice for him."

She had much to say of what "Jesus says." To her this was an end of all controversy. When she demurred at taking her medicine, and we told her we thought Jesus would like her to take it, there was no further resistance. One time she said, "Jesus tells me I shall not die,

but will get well to help these poor women." A welcome assurance was that, for we had many fears that this sickness might be fatal to her and to all our hopes for the good work she would do among the people so much needing her influence.

It was a pleasure to care for a patient so appreciative and uncomplaining. Her sister, too, was her constant attendant, and very helpful. Thus the Lord carried us all through this long, anxious season. His mercies, "new every morning and fresh every evening," gave needed and increasing strength; and by October, Yona seemed quite her former self, and ready to ask what the Lord would have her do.

Gardening time was then upon us, and it was a pleasure to her to dig, and plant, and weed, as all native women love to do,—while abundant rains gave promise of large returns. By this kind of exercise she was helped to regain her former tone and vigor. Schools opened with the new year, and in school work Yona was again needed.

Classes in the Home in the morning, giving lessons in Zulu in the afternoon, aiding in boys' evening school, were some of her duties; which, together with work in the Christian Endeavor Society, where she was secretary and treasurer, a large and important class in Sunday school, the care of her home, her little girl and one boy, kept her at least from idleness,—while her example and general influence everywhere were invaluable.

In some respects her life at Umzumbe might not meet her full ideal. She missed her husband everywhere. She needed the stimulus of his prompt, energetic spirit, and the support of his strong, helpful nature. The people, her Christian friends among the natives, were kind and sympathizing in their way; but the refining process Yona had gone through had raised her so far above their level, that really congenial spirits are very few. Of her sharpest trial, connected with near family friends, we cannot here speak.

Let Christians pray that the life so well begun, so severely tried, may be kept safely on the path of Christian endeavor and usefulness.

Should this brief story of Umcitwa and Yona, the first Zulu missionaries to the Matabele, serve to awaken in any hearts a deeper interest for Christ's work in Africa, and bring into clearer light the grand truth that color is no hindrance to God's grace, that work in his name for the most ignorant of every clime is as bread cast upon the waters, found after many days, then will the purpose of this writing have been secured.

Since the writing of this story the sad news of Yona's death has been received. A few extracts from Mrs. Bridgman's letters will best describe the closing scenes:—

“THURSDAY, P. M., December 10.

“The conflict is over at last. The poor, weak body has yielded up the spirit, and our Yona is in the blessed mansions with her Saviour,—a ran-

somed soul, to be forever with the Lord. Oh, what a triumph is this! Satan and death are vanquished. She is beyond their reach, and beyond suffering, and pain, and sorrow forever and forever! She passed away at half-past five this morning. . . . But oh! if I could only give you a picture of her as she lies there (in her coffin). Mr. and Mrs. Ransom have done so much to give beauty and attractiveness to the dear, lifeless form, beautiful in itself indeed. The same lovely, peaceful look on her face that we always enjoyed so much,—her head turned just a little one side, giving the appearance of quiet repose; a pretty white muslin scarf folded across her breast with a rose set in it, and beautiful roses all around her head; flowers white and blue at the end of the table, while upon the cover of the coffin are a crown of white flowers, two palm leaves crossed, and three blue water lilies. I think many of the people to-day will learn a lesson they have never learned before. . . . Nearly all the Station people were in the chapel; ‘Zulu kaya lami’(Heaven is my home) was sung, also ‘The Great Physician now is near’, as that was a hymn Yona enjoyed in her sickness. . . . We had a bundle of palm leaves ready to lay above the coffin after it was lowered into its place; then while the earth was being filled in, ‘Rock of Ages,’ ‘Jesus, Lover of My Soul,’ etc., were sung, while our thoughts were with the bright and happy spirit who had just winged her flight to the presence of Redeeming Love, and we tried to imagine something of the transporting,

perfect bliss which she now enjoys. . . . During her sickness it was very hard for her to speak, and much that she tried to say we could not understand. . . . Most patiently and uncomplainingly did she bear her sickness. Sometimes her mind was clouded, and she would say that God had forsaken her. 'I am such a sinner. Satan's power is so strong. Talk to me of Jesus. I need your help,' etc. She enjoyed nothing so much as texts about Jesus, and the songs of praise and salvation which were sung to her. . . . One day Amy came into the room; Yona was pleased at first, then burst into tears, saying, 'I am too weak to pray for Amy now.' . . . Amy, of course, does not realize her loss at all. We have explained it to her as best we can. We shall, of course, keep her in the Home at present. I don't know of any better place than Umzumbe for her. . . . Such a character as Yona's is rare in any land, and brightly does it shine amid the dense darkness of a heathen people, or in a community semi-heathen, as upon our stations. . . . O what a loss to us and the work here! She was like a daughter or a sister in so many ways, and we hoped so much for the help she would be to the new teachers. We cannot see or understand. It is all dark to earthly view; but we do know God reigns. He loves his own cause, and cannot err. So here we will try to rest,—humbly and earnestly hoping and praying that a blessing may follow."